

A89. D9670.02

AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

EDITED BY THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.,
Express Office, 112 Broadway

{ PRICE 3 CENTS, SINGLE, OR
{ \$1 a Year, in Advance, by mail

VOL. II.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1846.

No. 4.



THE LEAP OF CURTIUS.

CURTIVS LEAPING INTO THE GULF IN THE FORUM.

The scene represented by our frontispiece is alluded to by several Roman historians, though with some discrepancies. Pliny tells us that, at a certain period, (corresponding with the year 359 before the Christian era,) a wide chasm had been rent in the earth in the Roman Forum, either by an earthquake, or by some other violent natural cause, which was so deep that all attempts made to fill it had entirely failed. The soothsayers gave out, that if the people wished their republic to be everlasting, they must devote to the Manes, (that is, throw into the chasm,) that which constituted their principal strength. Marcus Curtius, a high-spirited youth, enquired of the people, what was of greater value or importance to them, than their courage and their arms, to which they returned the forcible assent of a silent reply. Curtius soon presented himself, completely armed and on horseback, on the brow of a rock over the gloomy chasm, and calling upon others to throw in after him their arrows, as an offering to the gods, he plunged, and instantly disappeared in the fathomless abyss.

The people collected a variety of objects, among others a quantity of the fruits of the earth, and threw them down; in consequence of which, they were taught by their priests to believe that the gods were propitiated, and the spot afterwards became the site of a pond, or small lake, and subsequently was filled with earth, so that all signs of it were at length obliterated. Valerius Maximus, indeed, declares that the earth closed immediately; and we need not wonder at this, or a thousand other incredible things recorded by ancient writers, especially such as lived long after the periods of which they wrote. Our acquaintance with the lamentable ignorance and superstition of heathen nations at the present day, would rather lead us to express surprise, that the mythology and traditions of the ancients were not more extravagant and foolish than they were. Certainly the

old Romans were, in some respects, less wild in their creed, and less abject in their idolatry, than their successors of the present day. Within view of the spot where Curtius is said to have taken his leap, are several modern buildings, erected to commemorate pretended miracles no less false and much less harmless; and they are annually scenes of fanatical excesses, among a people who claim to be devotees of Christianity, and to walk in the full light of revelation.

The fable told by Valerius, of the immediate closing of the earth, is entirely contradicted by the allusion which Pliny makes to the *Lacus Curtius*, or Curtian Lake: a small pond which occupied the place after the time of Curtius. And the passage in the same writer, (book 1, chap. 13,) throws strong doubts over the whole story of Marcus Curtius: for he there informs us, that the lake existed in the time of Romulus, and had its name from Mettus Curtius, a Sabine, who belonged to the army of Titus Tatius. It is conjectured by Burgess, in his *Antiquities of Rome*, that the same chasm spoken of was made by the inundations of the Tiber: but, from our recollections of the place, (which we have often and carefully examined in our youth,) that seems very improbable. The lake is more like to have been formed by the collection of the water drained from the Palatine, Capitoline, Esquiline and Aventine Hills, which, in a manner surrounded it. The celebrated Cloacae Maximus, or grand sewer of Rome, extended from this vicinity to the Tiber, as is declared by writers, and, as is evident from a portion of it which still remains in perfect preservation. Tarquinius Priscus, who constructed it, we are told, drained this low tract of land, through it into the river.

The subject represented by the spirited sketch, which forms the frontispiece of our present number, is worthy of attention in several respects: the place and the time, as well as the person, are highly interesting. The Roman Forum, the centre of ancient Rome, is still well known; and, as the tra-

veller finds with much satisfaction, is an open, unoccupied piece of ground, clearly marked out by the remains of many ancient edifices, which formerly surrounded it, and formed its boundaries.

THE SOUTH PASS.

Captain Fremont describes this avenue to the Oregon Territory as one of easy access and gradual elevation. It is situated not far north of the forty-second parallel, which is the boundary between our territory and that of Mexico. "About six miles from our encampment," says Capt. Fremont, "brought us to the summit.—The ascent had been so gradual, that with all the intimate knowledge possessed by Carson, who made this country his home for seventeen years, we were obliged to watch very closely to find the place at which we had reached the culminating point.—This was between two low hills, rising on either hand fifty or sixty feet. When I looked back at them, from the foot of the intermediate slope on the western plain, their summits appeared to be about one hundred and twenty feet above. From the impression on my mind at this time and subsequently on our return, I should compare the elevation which we surmounted immediately at the Pass, to the ascent of the Capitol hill from the Avenue at Washington.

The width of the Pass is estimated at about nineteen miles. It has nothing of the gorge-like character and winding ascents of the Alleghany passes—nothing resembling the St. Bernard and Simplon passes of the Alps. For one hundred and twenty miles the elevation is regular and gradual. It presents the aspect of a sandy plain: and the traveller, without being reminded of any change by toilsome ascents, suddenly finds himself on the waters that flow to the Pacific ocean.

The importance of this Pass is immense. It opens the way into the Valley of the Oregon, and is the only avenue to that country from the interior for a long distance. By observing the map it will be seen that three great rivers take their rise in the neighborhood of the Pass—the Platte, the Columbia and the Colorado. The first is a tributary of the Missouri; the second, draining all Oregon, discharges all its accumulated waters into the Pacific; the third flows southwardly and empties into the bay of California. From the South Pass, then, as a central point, three great valleys are commanded. It is the key to California; it opens

the whole Oregon country from the Rocky Mountains to the Western ocean; and it subjects both of these great regions to the control of the Mississippi Valley.

As the South Pass is within our undisputed territory, its importance will doubtless attract the attention of the Government.

Balt. Amer.

MR. DWIGHT, JR.

Dear Sir—The favor with which you received an article of mine on Wilberforce, has made me desirous of offering to you, at times, other communications, in the hope that they may be acceptable to the editor, and beneficial to the readers of the American Penny Magazine.

Having, a few years ago, written a college speech upon Howard, the Philanthropist, it occurred to me that this would be a very good and proper subject for an article for your magazine. I therefore read again the life of this good man, and prepared the following article, which I now place at your disposal. A few words concerning it. And first, let me say, that several times during the copying of it, I have hesitated about sending it to you, on account of its length. But the manner in which I have taken up the subject admitted of no alternative. My object has been, not to write a dissertation upon the character of Howard, but simply to give a sketch of his life; and my desire to present a complete sketch of his travels, without at all breaking the narrative, by omitting here and there, has led me to this length. Many interesting things I have been obliged to leave out altogether, for want of space; and, in doing this, I hope I have not gone to the other extreme, (which I have feared and endeavored to guard against,) and offered a mere skeleton of a narrative, devoid of all interest. I have inserted in different places what I thought would both serve to exhibit the true character of the subject of the sketch, and keep up the interest of the article.

An article of biography, written as I have written this, affords very little opportunity to the author of originality, or even of expressing his own thoughts and opinions: but, in this communication, I do not even take as much credit to myself as I could have done: for the main body of the piece has been extracted, or, to be more correct, has been gathered together, and arranged from Mrs. Farrar's beautiful Life of Howard; and it is only now and then, that I have put in anything of my own. Notwithstanding this, it may be due to myself to say, that this gathering together has cost me no little time and pains.

In the hope that my endeavors may prove acceptable, and that I may have it in my power to be of further service to you in your magazine. I remain,

Yours respectfully, G. A. C.

Communicated for the American Penny Magazine.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD.

In reviewing the character of those men, who, in past times, have devoted their lives to the good of their country, and their fellow beings, our thoughts turn involuntarily to one whose name stands conspicuous on the list of his country's benefactors.—Not one whose fame was acquired on the battle field, amidst the roar of cannon, and the shrieks of the dying and the wounded: his fame was not purchased at so terrible a price as the blood of his fellow beings.—Nor, again, one, who, standing up in her Legislative Halls, made his duty to his country subservient to his towering ambition. He was a person of too much disinterestedness to stoop to anything so dishonorable. But one who, denying to himself all earthly pleasures and comforts, was willing to devote his life and fortune to the relief of suffering humanity. That one is *John Howard*: or, as he is generally called *Howard, the Philanthropist*. And, if the reader will bear with me patiently, I propose to give him a sketch* of the life of this excellent man; which, it may be hoped, will be the means of doing him good, and inciting him to lead a charitable, Christian life.

John Howard was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a pleasant village adjoining London, whither his father had retired, after having acquired a considerable fortune as an upholsterer and carpet dealer in the city of London. After having received an indifferent education at two different boarding schools, he was apprenticed to a grocer in London: but, upon the death of his father, he purchased what remained of his time, and so freed himself from the duties of a situation that had always been distasteful to him. While still a young man, he went abroad, and travelled in France and Italy for the benefit of his health; and, on his return, spent his time in improving his mind by study, endeavoring, by self-instruction, to make up for the deficiencies of his early education. Among other things he studied the theory of medicine, which proved a very valuable acquisition to him in after life. Having no taste for gay and fashionable society, — (he had been blessed with pious parents, and the sentiment of piety was strong within him,) — he employed his time, not only in improving himself, but also in deeds of charity and benevolence to those around him. Ill-health returned; and he was compelled to make several excursions to the Bristol Hot Wells, and also to visit other parts of the kingdom. His complaints were supposed to be of a consumptive nature, and he was put upon a very strict, low diet, which laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratifi-

cations of the palate, which ever after so much distinguished him.

Returning from one of his excursions, he was attacked with a severe illness, during which he needed all the friendly attentions which were liberally bestowed upon him by his landlady; and the contrast between her character and that of the person with whom he had formerly lived (and whom he had left, because he did not find in her that sympathy and kindness which as an invalid he both needed and expected) was so striking, and produced such lively feelings of gratitude on his part, that, on his recovery, he offered her his hand in marriage. The lady, being of twice his age, did not at first believe him to be serious in his proposal; and, on being convinced of his being in earnest, remonstrated against so unequal a match. But he was firm to his purpose, and the marriage took place when he was in his 25th year. The union was considered a strange one by the friends of both parties: but it promoted the happiness of those most nearly concerned, and afforded to Mr. Howard the society of an amiable, sensible and pious woman; and when, two years afterwards, the tie was broken by her death, he was a sincere mourner. Indeed, he was so much affected by it, that his health suffered, and he was, in consequence, advised by his physicians to make an excursion to the continent.

The Earthquake at Lisbon having happened about this time, a strong curiosity was excited in his mind to see the ruins. He therefore embarked, with this intention, in a Lisbon packet; but the vessel, instead of arriving safely at its destined port, was captured by a French privateer. The prisoners, instead of being treated kindly, as prisoners of war, underwent sufferings and privations too bad for felons. They were carried into Brest, and lodged in a filthy dungeon, with only a little straw to protect them from the damp floor. After being kept without food forty hours, a piece of mutton was thrown in to them, but without knife or plate, or any decent means of dividing it. In this situation they remained a week. Mr. Howard was then removed to Carjaix, where he soon won the confidence of his jailor, who allowed him, merely on giving his word of honor that he would not attempt to escape, to live where he pleased in the town. At the end of two months, he obtained leave from the French Government to cross to England, and see whether he could not effect an exchange of himself for some French officer taken by the English. His friends received him with joy; but he begged them to wait the result of his mission, for he might be obliged to return.—It happily proved successful, and he was at liberty. As soon as he was free himself, he set about to procure relief for his countrymen, who were still prisoners, and who were suffering from great cruelty. Many hundreds had died from ill usage, and 36 had been buried in a hole in one day. In this benevo-

* The main part of this sketch is taken from Mrs. Farrar's beautiful *Life of Howard*.

lost effort he was also successful. It was this slight experience that first turned his mind to the prisoner, and enabled him to sympathize with him, when other circumstances directed his attention to the subject.

After this unsuccessful attempt to visit Lisbon, he gave up the idea of travelling abroad; and, settling down at Cardington, he devoted his time to the improvement of his estate. A part of it was divided into farms, which he rented to different tenants, who found him a kind, generous landlord, ever doing what he could for their comfort.—The poor of the neighborhood also, had reason to bless the day when he came to live at Cardington: for his purse was always open to their wants, and his good advice and judicious assistance, often put them in a way of providing for themselves, which is a much greater kindness than merely giving alms.—Having now fixed his residence, Mr. H. was inclined to seek for a partner who would be both a congenial friend and a true helpmate, in the important duties of life. All the qualities he most valued he found combined in the amiable and accomplished Henrietta Leeds, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune and one of the King's sergeants at law. A mutual attachment grew up between them, and they were married on the 25th of April, 1759. While at C., Mrs. Howard cheerfully co-operated with her husband in all his benevolent labors, visiting the sick, inquiring personally into the wants of her poor neighbors, and relieving them with a liberal hand. Her health being very delicate, they removed to the New Forest, Hampshire, where they purchased a house, and a small estate called Watcombe. Here they lived for three or four years in perfect security and harmony, among a set of people against whom his predecessors in the house had thought it necessary to use spring-guns, man-traps and the like.—The secret of this was the spirit of love and kindness in which he went among them. The change of residence not benefitting Mrs. H., they returned to Cardington, which now became their fixed residence. Here Mr. Howard continued to employ herself in labors of love to the poor. He built several small cottages, which he rented to them at a moderate rate, on condition of their keeping them in good order. In all these acts he had a ready assistant in his wife. Once, when he was settling his accounts at the close of the year, he found a balance in his favor, and offered to use it in any way that would most gratify his wife, proposing at the same time a journey to London, as something that would be agreeable to her. "What a pretty cottage it would build!" was her reply; and the money was accordingly disposed of for that purpose.

Thus did this truly united and happy couple live for about three years, when an event occurred, which, though a severe blow to Mr. H., was nevertheless the cause to which we are indebted for the life of true usefulness and unsurpassed benevolence, which he

thenceforward led. Mr. H. became a father, but the blessing was purchased at a dear price. The birth of the son occasioned the death of the mother; and his joy at the former, was soon turned into mourning by the latter. His grief affected his health to such a degree, that he was persuaded by his friends to try the effects of a change of scene. He therefore made a visit of a few weeks to Holland, but soon returned to take care of his child, the dearest memorial of his beloved wife. With the exception of a few short absences from home, for the benefit of his health, he spent the first year of his second widowhood at C., carrying on his works of benevolence in the neighborhood, and watching over the infancy of his child.

As our attention will be chiefly directed to Mr. H.'s travels from this time, I will take this opportunity of saying a few words regarding his son. After Mr. H. had been deprived of his wife, all his thoughts and affections were naturally centred upon his boy, to whom he endeavored to make up the loss of a mother, by his own constant and watchful attention. He procured an excellent and pious woman, to take charge of his domestic concerns, and also to watch over his infant; but he always took the government of it into his own hands, using that course of treatment which he thought would, not for the moment please or gratify, but in the end benefit it. He was governed by a sense of duty, rather than by his natural feelings; and, though his manners were extremely gentle, he failed not to render his child obedient even in its infancy. But, although he did what he always thought was for the best, he could not supply the place of that tender parent, of whom his child had been deprived. A father has his proper place in the training of a child; but there is a place which can alone be filled by a mother; and there are holy influences which she exerts, of which, without her, the child must be deprived. I cannot say to what extent the loss of its mother may be looked upon as a cause of the child's unhappy course, after he had arrived at the age of responsibility. There were other influences which had a conspicuous part in bringing this about; and perhaps the first had no effect whatever. No doubt many, who have never known what it was to have a mother's love, have become good and true men; and surely no one ever more faithfully tried to bring up a son in the paths of virtue than did Mr. Howard. But, be these things as they may, he was sadly disappointed. During his absences from home, his son was left in company with a favorite, but a wicked and hypocritical servant, who completely counteracted, by his evil character and example, all the father's exertions for his son's good. He became profligate and dissipated; his intellect was affected, and he finally became an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

(To be continued.)

Further Developements of Mormon Iniquity.

During the last week, twelve bills of indictment, for counterfeiting Mexican dollars, and American half dollars and dimes, were found by the Grand Jury and presented to the United States Circuit Court, in session in this city, against different persons in and about Nauvoo, embracing some of the "Holy" Twelve, and other prominent Mormons, and other persons in league with them. From incidental remarks made by some of the witnesses in private conversation, (not before the jury,) we are led to believe that a large amount of counterfeit coin of the above description, is, and has been for a long time past, circulating in the Western country—as the facilities for its manufacture are said to be quite unequalled. The manner in which the money was put into circulation, was stated. At one mill, 1500 dollars of this specie were paid out for wheat in one week. Whenever a land sale was about to take place, waggons were sent off with the coin, into the land district where such sale was to take place, and no difficulty occurred in exchanging off the counterfeit coin for paper. It was said that the Mormons had three presses for counterfeiting the coin named, and that Joe Smith worked most industriously at the business.—In fact, Joe used to boast of his "mint." A short time previous to his death, in speaking of the power of his establishment to imitate the coin above named, he was repeatedly heard to say, that "it would beat the mint," and seemed with others of his confidential advisers, to exult at their ability to manufacture "land office money,"—that being the term by which the better quality of their issues were distinguished.

There are said to have been three qualities of the spurious money manufactured, which were sold for 75, 50 and 25 cents for the dollar. That for which the highest price was asked, is said to be so perfect as to escape the most rigid scrutiny of the eye—the outer coat being of pure silver, and the alloy so completely covered as to prevent detection in any other way than by cutting. In receiving coin of this description our friends had best beware, or else they may have more cause to denounce the Mormons than would be desirable.

Some other disclosures are talked of as having been made: the manner in which persons are disposed of, who are supposed to be enemies of the leading Mormons. They are seized by some members of the Dantic, or other band, a leather strap is placed around the neck, so that if the least resistance is made, they are choked; and in this condition they are taken to a skiff, carried to the middle of the river, their bowels ripped open, and their bodies sunk. This is what it termed "making cat-fish bai:" of their enemies. It is said that quite a number of persons were disposed of in this manner.

It is also said that the business of stealing is reduced to a regular system; that there

are three parties concerned in the matter—one of which ascertains the names and locations of persons in want—another is directed to procure provisions, which, when procured, are to be deposited in a certain place—and a third party deals out provisions to the destitute. So that unless the goods are found in the hands of those who first take them the true thieves are not at all likely to be discovered.

So soon as the indictments were found, a request was made by the Marshal of the Governor of this State for a posse, or the assistance of the military force stationed in Hancock county, to enable him to arrest the alleged counterfeiters. Gov. Ford refused to grant the request. We are not apprised of the reasons for this refusal. They should be strong to justify the act. An officer has since been sent to Nauvoo to make the arrests; but we apprehend there is no probability of his success;—for, whatever crimes these Mormons commit, the rest are ready and willing, if not bound by an oath, to secrete the culprit, or aid his escape, either by fraud or force. The Court, it is understood, will continue in session this week,—to give time to the Marshall to make his return. If those indicted are brought before the Court, they will probably be tried the present term; if not, they will be likely to go "unwhipt of justice."—*Miss. Pap.*

A Problem for Sentimental Young Ladies.
—Perhaps some of our own "sentimental young ladies" can solve the following problem:—

"It is said that there are 20,628 stitches in a single shirt. While you are moving down the giddy dance to the voluptuous strains of music, and light of diamonds is flashing from your laughing eyes, there are thousands of your sex and sisters who are making shirts at ninepence a piece. And the nights are cold and long; and there is such a thing as frost in the hovels of the poor, and hunger that eats through stone walls, and preys upon the hearts of women. Believe it, though an unromantic incident in the human condition—there are thousands of delicate females, with womanly hearts in them, full of womanly affections, now plying their benumbed fingers at the rate of six mills for a thousand stitches, to buy coarse black bread to keep them alive, to hire a pillow on which to lay their heads and obtain a few hours of merciful oblivion of their pitiful destiny. And these, but for circumstances beyond their control or accountability, would have vied with you for grace or beauty in the parlor or in the hall, and have shone like jewels of the first water in the diadem of human society. Now suppose you take an inventory of all your enjoyments, of all the articles of your dress, furniture, food, fuel, &c., and see how many of them you could buy with the money paid to a seamstress for taking twenty thousand

stiches on a shirt. Begin, if you please, with your boa, muff, bonnet or shawl, and find how long it would take to pay for one of these at the rate at which thousands of your sisters are compelled to labor. Especially when you are out shopping, with papa's purse in your hand, remember this calculation.—Have you purchased a boa for \$18, and returned delighted with your glossy treasure? Take your pencil and solve this problem: if a seamstress takes 3000 stiches in a seam of one yard in length for two cents, what would be the length of a seam she would have to sew to buy a boa at \$18? Problems of this kind would cultivate a lovelier sentimentality in the hearts of susceptible young ladies, than all the tearful novels in the world."

Potato Flour.—Potatoes which are unsound may be converted into starch, and thus saved from total loss. In England and Ireland, where the ravages of the potato disease have been seriously injurious, it has been attempted to preserve the valuable properties of the root by extracting the farina or flour, by various processes. It is converted into "British arrow root," which is nothing more than starch in a nice form. The Farmer's Magazine gives the following as the most perfect process of obtaining the flour:

1. Thoroughly wash the potatoes.
2. Peel away the skin without cutting off much.
3. Grate the peeled potatoes finely into a pulp.
4. Place the pulp on a hair sieve, pour water over it, stirring it about well, till the water ceases to pass with a milky appearance.
5. The pulp left on the sieve may be thrown away, (or given to animals) and the milky water set aside to settle.
6. When the particles of starch have all settled, the water should be poured off, and fresh water added; the whole stirred up afresh and allowed to settle again.
7. Those washings may be repeated four or five times, when the starch will have assumed the character of arrow-root, and will have become white as snow, whilst the water will now be perfectly clear.
8. The prepared flour must be thoroughly dried, and may be kept for any length of time in jars or casks.

The flour or starch may be dried by being spread on a cloth and laid on a board in the sun, or it may be dried in stoves or ovens. Prepared in the manner described, the flour may not only be used as starch, but may be used with wheat flour for making bread, puddings, &c. It is also used as arrow root, and is a delicate food for weak digestions, for children, and for the sick.—*Cultivator.*

Swallowing Pins.—On Saturday a young lady put five or six pins into her mouth, and forgetting them, they got into her throat,

and in gagging she threw them all up but one, which remained across the passage. She became very much alarmed, and immediately made application to a physician. The pin was firmly fixed across the lower portion of the œsophagus, or about two inches above the cardiac orifice of the stomach, and in that situation it was impossible to bring it up by the mouth. The doctor therefore tied a bit of sponge to the end of a piece of whalebone, and after bending it to the shape of the passage, pushed the pin into the stomach, which gave instant relief.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

TELL ME ALL.

BY MRS. HEWITT.

"Story! I have none to tell."

"Come mother! sit beneath the vine
Here by our open door,
And tell me who my fathers were
In the glorious days of yore.

I've read to-day of glowing tales—
Wondering o'er every line—
Of the knights who fought for the holy cross,
In the wars of Palestine—

Of their prancing steeds, and flashing spears,
And their pennons waving out,
And the clarions mingling on the air
With the stirring battle shout—

Till I seemed to hear the rush of fight,
The Moslem's rallying cry,
The Christian charge, and the Paynim rout,
And the shouts of victory!

And were my sires bold warrior knights?
Oh! brave in their array!
Dear mother! I am old enough—
Tell me the tale, I pray!"

"I have no tales like these, my boy,
In thy young ear to pour—
Here, where we dwell, thy grandsire dwelt,
As his grandsires did before.

With the healthful flush of manly toil,
And the sweat drop on his brow;
They won these fields from the wild and waste,
By the mattock and the plough.

They were the soil's true conquerors—
A spotless name their shield;
And their banner was the waving grain
Of the ripened harvest field.

Seek not to deck thy fair young brow
With mouldering wreathes of fame;
But onward! girt in manhood's night,
And win thyself a name!

Guard well thy faith—keep true thy heart—
Hold thou thine honor fast;
Thus be the lustre of thy worth
Back upon fathers cast."



LOSSING.

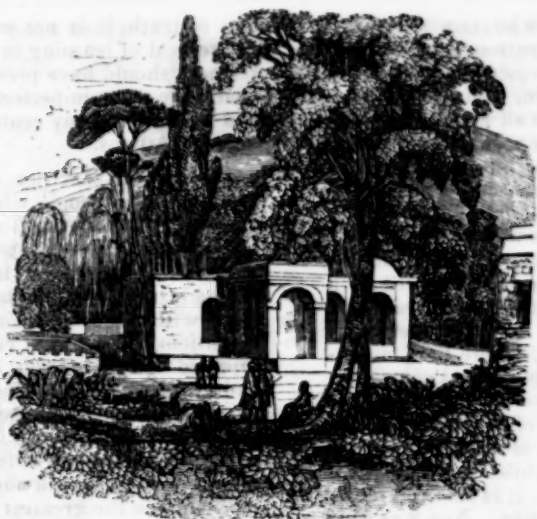
FEMALE FRIENDS.

Some of the most interesting sights which society offers, in all its states and circumstances, are those of genuine female friendship. When formed in youth, or even in childhood, as they sometimes are, to ripen with years, and endure till death, a warm and sincere attachment between two females has so many traits to recommend it to attention, approbation and admiration, that it seems wonderful the poets have not more frequently made it a subject of their praises. Shakspeare has beautifully sketched the feelings of such friends, at the prospect of separation, in his characters of Helena and Hermione, which our drawing was designed to represent.

"We two have together created one flower,
"Upon one sampler, sitting on one cushion."

Even in a barbarous or savage state of society, the female character has sometimes exhibited traits worthy of admiration: but, educated as our daughters are at the present day, in the midst of the circumstances surrounding them in our free and Protestant

country, we may find many opportunities to encourage and direct the budding and growth of such friendships, as may have the most important and favorable influence on their characters and lives. It would require many pages like these to express all the views, facts and suggestions, which we could wish to print and lay before our readers on this very interesting subject. We cannot, however, dismiss it without remarking, that such attachments are often exposed to being interrupted and broken by changes, real or supposed, by a devotion to the requirements of fashion, by a little coldness on one hand, or a little suspicion on the other, as well as by changes of place, relations, acquaintances, &c. But the parent should think it a duty, to teach the sacredness of real friendship, and its superior value to all distinctions of wealth, circle, taste and habits. When once formed, let nothing be spoken or thought of, as having any claim to interrupt or becloud it, so long as it is deserved and reciprocated.



A MOORISH SCHOOL AND COFFEEHOUSE.

We hear so much of Arabian literature in past ages, and of the books, authors, libraries and other institutions of the Moors in Spain and Africa, that we naturally feel a curiosity to become acquainted with the present state of learning among their descendants.

A large library of Arabic manuscripts is still preserved in the celebrated palace of Alhambra, but little has yet been made known of its contents. In modern times so few Arabian works have been translated, that we have few materials of which to form opinions. Some travellers in Egypt have recently published such accounts, however, as may afford the inquirer a general knowledge of the subject: and the following extracts, which we make from the Rev. Michael Russel's History of the Barbary States, may be interesting to some of our readers.

The simple little building represented in our print, we would first remark, so pleasantly situated, under the shade of trees of various foliage, stands in the village of Byrma-drais, in Barbary; and contains both a school and a Coffee-house. To those who are acquainted with the habits of the Musselmens, this will be sufficient to show that education is much neglected: for a coffee-house is the rendezvous for idlers, and especially of professed story-tellers and their hearers.

A Sketch of Arabic and Moorish Literature.

As the theology of Mohammedanism is not closely connected with literature it is in vain that we look for any fruits of, professional

study among the expounders of the Koran. Their first efforts, after the Omniades assumed the Western Caliphate, were confined to the elucidation of their sacred books, the laws enjoined by their prophet, and to the cultivation of poetry; this last being the amusement or the labor of all rude tribes.—When, however, their civil wars were brought to an end, the Moslem, under the dominion of the Abbassides, acquired a taste for science, especially for those branches of it which contribute to the success of Astronomy. Almamoun, the seventh of that dynasty, pursuing the path which had been marked out for him by his predecessors, employed confidential agents in Armenia, Syria and Egypt, to collect the works of the Greek philosophers, which he also ordered to be translated into the language of Arabia, and illustrated by the most skilful interpreters. Humbling himself so far as to become a pupil to the nation whom his arms had subdued, he set an example of assiduous application to his subjects, exhorting them to pursue with attention the instructive writings which he had procured for their learning, and to make themselves masters of the rare wisdom which had exalted the countrymen of Plato and Euclid. “He was not ignorant,” says Abulpharagius, “that those are the elect of God, his best and most useful servants, whose lives are devoted to the improvement of their intellectual faculties. The mean ambition of the Chinese, or the Turks, may glory in the industry of their hands, or the indulgence of their sensual propensities; though these dexterous artists must view with hopeless emulation the hexagons and pyramids of a beehive, and acknowledge the superior strength of lions and tigers. The teachers of philosophy are the real luminaries of the world, which, without their aid, would again sink into ignorance and barbarism.”

The ardor of Almamoun extended itself to

the Fatimites of Africa, who now deemed it an honor to become the patrons of the learned. The emirs of provinces were smitten with a similar emulation, and science met with an ample reward in all parts of the Mohammedan empire. The royal library is said to have consisted of a hundred thousand manuscripts, elegantly transcribed and splendidly bound, which were freely lent to the students in the capital, as well as at Kairwan and Alexandria. In every city the productions of Arabic literature were copied with much industry and collected with great care. The treasures of Africa, however, were surpassed by those of Spain, where the Ommiades had formed an establishment containing six hundred thousand volumes. Cordova, with the adjacent towns of Malaga, Almeria and Murcia, could boast of having produced three hundred authors; while, in the kingdom of Andalusia, there were, it is said, no fewer than seventy public libraries. Nor was this zeal for the promotion of science confined to one family or one age. On the contrary, it continued to adorn the ascendancy of the Arabians about five hundred years, when it was terminated by the great irruption of the Mongols, who succeeded in spreading a cloud of ignorance and barbarism over a large portion of Asia and of the West. This period of light in the several caliphates of Bagdad, Egypt and Spain, beginning in the eighth and ending in the fourteenth century, coincided with the darkest and most inactive ages of Europe; but since the sun of knowledge rose again in the latter division of the globe, the shades of intellectual night appear to have fallen with increased obscurity upon all the kingdoms of Northern Africa.

It is not undeserving of remark, that some treatises, of which the Greek originals are lost, have been preserved to us through the medium of Arabic translations. As mathematics, astronomy and physic, were the favorite subjects of investigation among the learned Mohammedans, it is not surprising that there should have been found in their repositories regular versions of Euclid, Apollonius, Ptolemy, Hippocrates and Galen. In the department of Metaphysics, as also in that of the law of nature and nations, great value was attached to the speculations of Plato and Aristotle, those distinguished masters of reasoning and founders of the most celebrated schools in Greece. The Arabians, whose ingenious spirits inclined them to the study of dialects, preferred the philosophy of the latter; and, as it afforded a plausible instrument for conducting debate, and more especially for methodizing the conclusions attained by argument or observation, it was adopted generally in the seminaries established by the Saracens. Useless when applied to the interpretation of physical phenomena, it afforded no aid to those who wished to detect the principles by which the movements of the material universe are regulated; and, as in all respects it was better calculated for the detection of error than for the investiga-

tion of truth, it is not wonderful, that, upon the revival of learning in Europe, the natural sciences should have presented themselves in nearly the same imperfect state in which they had been left, many centuries before, by the sages of Athens.

The climate of Africa, as well as the habits of the oriental people who now inhabited the upper coast, encouraged the pursuits of practical astronomy—a species of knowledge which was supposed to confer upon the adepts in its profounder mysteries an acquaintance with the destination of individuals and of nations. The most costly apparatus was supplied by the Caliph Almanoun, and he had the satisfaction to find that his mathematicians were able to measure a degree of the great circle of the earth, and to determine its entire circumference at twenty-four thousand miles. But it was in chemistry that the Saracens made the greatest advances, and contributed most to the progress of modern science. They first invented and named the alembic for the purposes of distillation; analyzed the substances of the three kingdoms of nature; proved the distinction and the affinities of acids and alkalis; and converted the poisonous minerals into salutary medicines. It is true, no doubt, that the objects of their most eager research were the transmutation of metals, and the elixir of immortal health; and that their secret processes were aided by all the powers of mystery, fraud and superstition. But it was equally certain, that the results of their numerous experiments tended to widen the breach of real knowledge; to suggest methods of manipulation; and finally, to open a path into those spacious fields where man has reaped the most abundant fruits of ingenuity and perseverance.

It must be acknowledged that the protracted domination of the Turks in Africa, and the destruction of the capital so long occupied by the Commanders of the Faithful, have occasioned the disappearance of the greater part of those monuments by which the scientific triumphs of the Arabs are elsewhere perpetuated. The catalogue of the Escorial still bears testimony to the extent of their labors, both as commentators and translators; while lists of works, edited or composed by the scholars of Bagdad, prove that the court of the Abbassides was not less auspicious to the enterprises of literary zeal. But of the distinction which belonged to Kairwan in this respect, no traces now remain in the savage country of which it was once the ornament and the defence. The fame of that city, at one time filled with palaces and schools, is only to be heard in the form of an echo from contemporaneous writers, who flourished in Spain or Italy; and is, in our days, faintly resounded in the compilations of Abulpharagius, Renaudot, Fabricius, Asseman, Casiri, and the learned D'Herbelot.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*(Continued from Vol. 1, page 45.)*

Napoleon may have had more natural affection and friendliness of character than some of his enemies have acknowledged: but certainly there are but few instances recorded, even by his friends, which afford evidence of anything more than common humanity in his heart. The scenes of carnage which he witnessed appear to have but seldom excited his sensibility. We recollect the feelings with which we were affected, in reading a description, written by one of his officers, of Napoleon's passage over one of his fields of battle, on the morning after the engagement. He made few remarks on the shocking objects that met his view, and went on with his staff, not only among the slain, but over and upon them. He was rather grave and taciturn: for the mangled limbs and bodies which were yesterday striving in his cause and obedient to his command, many of them moved by hearts enthusiastic in his favor, were now trampled upon, and still more mangled by his horse's feet. But, the writer informs us, he had a feeling heart, he did exhibit some emotion: for at length he heard a sudden shriek from the ground beneath him, and saw that his horse had trodden on a wounded soldier, who was not quite dead. He reined in his steed, made him step off from the poor creature, and gave orders that he should be sent to the hospital, and then pursued his way. This may have been a great stretch of humanity for a conqueror: but, instead of praising it, we say, God protect the poor and helpless of our race—the women and children, at least—from sympathy and compassion like this!

But now approached the closing scene.—The curtain at length began to fall. The long tragedy was near its end. Two mighty powers remained to be conquered, one of which he once had humbled. It remained but to humble them as he had humbled the others, and all would be—what? What was probably in the anticipation of that mind, when it looked forward to the subjugation of Russia and England? Can we be justified in supposing that his aims and his hopes were on the introduction of a state of things more beneficial to the people of Europe? If any one can form any plausible conjecture of that nature, we might well feel curious to know it. What men would he have crowned

kings of Russia and England; and what principles would he have chosen to dictate to them and to the continent? Then, in what position would he have placed himself? What would have been the results to our age and our country? Let those who value peace, national freedom, personal liberty and religion, meditate on questions like these, and they may perhaps become better qualified to appreciate the blessings reserved to us, and the virtue and foresight of the men in this and other countries, who disinterestedly opposed the progress of Napoleon.

Great preparations had once been made for the invasion of England, in small vessels and rafts from the French coast; and experiments were made which countenanced the idea, that such means might be relied on in favorable weather. But the attempt was never made. In the year 1812, Bonaparte invaded Russia with a large army; and on Sept. 14th they reached Moscow. There they designed to spend the winter, in comfort and abundance, and, in the Spring to proceed to Petersburg, when the immense empire would be Napoleon's. When, in 1776, Lord Howe was about to enter New York, it was proposed, in a council of war, to our officers, to burn the city, and thus render it untenable. The plan was rejected; and New York became the head-quarters of the enemy, with vast injury to our country, until the close of the war. The Russian Emperor and his councillors made an opposite decision, and took such a step as had been declined by Americans. The first night had hardly set in, after Napoleon's army had entered Moscow, and their shouts of exultation had scarcely ceased, when fires burst out in all parts of the city, and in a few hours the victors were left houseless and starving, in sight of the ruins. The winter set in with unusual severity; and a man of humane feelings can hardly endure to read one of the simplest accounts of the sufferings of the army on its retreat. "Labaume's Campaign in Russia" may be one of the most convenient to many of our readers.

But did the leader suffer with his followers? Ah no! The same selfishness which makes a conqueror willing to sacrifice his fellow creatures to himself in one case, may be expected to do it in another, especially the most pressing. Bonaparte travelled to Paris in a coach, which contained a bed, a little

kitchen, a stove, table and table-set, servant provisions, &c., and was drawn by the best horses, day and night, without stopping, leaving his soldiers to freeze, to starve or to be killed by the Cossacks.

In April, 1813, he raised another army, marched into Prussia, gained the victories of Bantzen and Warten. But the Austrians and Bavarians joined the confederacy against him; and, while at Leipsic, he found his enemies upon him, and he was driven to Menitz, and abandoned all his conquests in Germany. The following year, 1814, the confederates crossed the Rhine; and, after several battles, entered Paris. The wild horses from the Don and the Volga were tied by their Cossack riders to the trees in the Garden of the Tuileries; and he who had brought an incursion of barbarians into the proud capital of France, signed a treaty at Fontainebleau, and retired to the island of Elba, to trouble the nations no longer. But in March, 1816, he landed in Provence, in the south of France, and, proceeding to Paris on the 20th, was received with new enthusiasm, and soon defeated General Blucher and 22,000 men, on the frontier of Belgium.

On the 18th of June was fought the awful battle of Waterloo, about 14 miles from Brussels. He had attempted to reach that city by a forced march: but Lord Wellington at the head of the confederates, stopped him at a range of high ground, by occupying a higher range in his front; and, on the smooth and gentle declivities between them, was fought the last battle of Napoleon Bonaparte. The "covered way" still remains, from which he viewed the field and sent his orders, between two elevations of ground which protected him from the shot; and opposite are seen two large square spots, where in 1821, the wheat grew three shades greener than anywhere else: there were buried 12,000 of his "Invincibles," his favorite troops, who lost their lives in obeying his command—"Onward! Cut the way through to Brussels!"

"Tout est perdu! Sauvons nous!"

(All is lost.—Let us save ourselves!)

These, said his guide, (who was our guide also to the field in 1821,) these were the only words he uttered, when, after observing the destruction of his last hope, he spurred his horse, and fled for safety.

He reached Paris on the 9th of July; and on the 15th surrendered himself to the En-

glish at Rochefort. He was sent to the island of St. Helena, and confined there until his death which occurred May 5th, 1821. On the 7th of July, 1840, his remains were deposited in the Hospital of Invalides, in Paris, with public honors.

TEMPERANCE.

It has been ascertained from data believed to be correct, that the consumption of intoxicating liquors of all kinds in the United States yet amounts to over five gallons per annum to each man, woman and child. At this rate, and taking our population at twenty millions, the consumption would be one hundred millions of gallons yearly. (England consumes over fifty millions of gallons of strong beer alone yearly.) This quantity at the retail price of three cents per glass, would cost the consumers two hundred millions of dollars yearly.

Let us see what the expenditures of this sum would do provided tipping would cease.

It would furnish every family on the globe with a Bible.

It would build and endow one thousand seminaries of learning at \$100,000 each, or ten thousand at \$10,000 each.

It would build five hundred thousand miles of magnetic telegraph at \$200 a mile, forming a perfect net-work for instantaneous communication with all parts of the Union.

It would in a single year build a city of fifty thousand tenements at a cost of two thousand dollars each, and accommodate three hundred thousand inhabitants—six to each house.

It would be five dollars to each individual, and twenty-five dollars to each family in the Union.

The First Snow.—Rev. Mr. Dean, Baptist Missionary, who, in company with the young Chinese convert, A-Bak, is visiting the various Baptist churches, was overtaken by a snow storm at Tremont, in Michigan. It was expected that the young foreigner would be amused and his curiosity excited by this, to him, novel freak of nature. The reverse, however, was the case. A-bak was so much affected by it, that serious apprehensions for his health were entertained by his friends. On the following day he so far recovered as to warrant a journey southward, in the hope of finding the climate milder.



ROOTS AND BUDS.

At the approach of Spring we have the pleasing anticipation of soon being able to say :—

“The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”

We shall soon be cheered by the appearance of

“First the blade, then the ear and after that the full corn in the ear.”

Yes, soon that annual wonder is to be repeated in our sight, which the wisest of men still find wholly beyond their comprehension, the budding and growth of the plants.

There are a few facts connected with roots and buds, however, which are well ascertained, but not generally understood.

First. Plants grow only from seeds and buds. It is common to speak of them as growing from roots: but, strictly speaking, in the language of botanists, they never grow from the root. No. 1, above, represents a root, with a bud putting out between two leaves: but the bud is not considered as belonging to the root: for a proper root never has a bud in it, even if the bud lie under ground. No. 2 is a creeping plant. Only the little fibres of it are called its

roots, because the horizontal part contains buds. That is considered as the stem, which may contain buds. No. 3 is a lumpy root, but the roots are not like the potato, for they have no buds. What are commonly called potato roots, which we eat, are properly the stems: for they contain buds. Only the little fibres then are roots. No. 4 is a scaly bulb, like a tulip root. It grows under ground, but is properly a stem, for it contains the bud.—The buds of the horse-chestnut and other trees, already swelling, differ only in the situation, being placed at the axils of the leaves, or between the stem and the leaf-stalks. Nos. 5 & 6 are buds cut open and magnified.

These simple facts are easily proved and understood, and should be explained to all the young as the season advances. How the buds grow is a most curious subject of inquiry, and admirably adapted to raise our grovelling minds to the contemplation of the great and glorious Being who is continually performing his wonders on every hand around us.

Coloring Matter.—A process for restoring decayed writings, recently given, is as follows:—Cover the letters with prussic alkali, with the addition of a diluted mineral acid, on the application of which the letters change very speedily to a deep blue color of great beauty and intensity. To prevent the spreading of the color, which by blotting the parchments detracts greatly from the legibility, the alkali should be put on first, and the diluted acid added upon it. The method found to answer best is to spread the alkali thin with a feather. Though the alkali should occasion no sensible change of color, yet the moment the acid comes upon it, every trace of a letter turns at once to a fine blue, which soon acquires its full intensity, and is beyond comparison stronger than the original trace. It then the corner of a bit of blotting paper be carefully and dexterously applied near the letters, so as to imbibe the superfluous liquor, the staining of the parchment may be, in a great measure, avoided; for it is this superfluous liquor which, absorbing part of the coloring matter from the letters, becomes a dye to whatever it touches. Care should be taken not to bring the blotting paper in contact with the letters, because the coloring matter is soft while wet and may easily be rubbed off. They should be so much reduced as not to soil a matter of much nicety.—*Selected.*

PLANT USEFUL TREES.

Extracts from our Correspondence.

"—CONNECTICUT,

To the Editor of the Am. Penny Magazine

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed is one dollar, the sum you required for the Ailanthus seed sent me. The object is a good one and praiseworthy. I have sold them in small parcels for that sum."

"—OHIO.

A notice in a recent number of the New York Observer, respecting your enterprize for the 'General Propagation of Ornamental Trees,' led me to look up your advertisement; and, as the result, I send you the enclosed two dollars, as a friend's subscription for Volumes 1st and 2nd of your Magazine. Please send me a few of your seeds, I wish some more particularly for the College Green connected with the institution of which I am a professor."

"—NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I am reminded at New Haven of your excellent and philanthropic plan of distributing the seeds of beautiful shade trees over the country, making them, like the the beautiful arrangements of Providence with respect to some minor seeds, 'winged messengers,' to carry shade and beauty, joy and gladness in their train. May you, in a green old age, and your children after you, sit under their future boughs; and your ears be delighted with 'the charm of earliest birds,' which there shall make their homes.

"Often have I thought while riding under the shade of that unrivalled avenue of elms in East Hartford, that I would rather look upon those trees as of *my planting*, than be the inventor of the deadliest engines that ever desolated humanity. I doubt not that if you should pledge the fair songstress of Hartford in a glass of pure Croton, with—

"Then here's to the Elm, the beautiful Elm!"

She would produce a song worthy of the subject. But here I am in the city of Elms; and how appropriately they are associated with the Groves of Academus! It might be in better taste to write an essay on their merits in the day when the Dog-star rages, and we are fain to cry out

"All-conquering heat! Oh, intermit thy wrath,
"And on my throbbing temples potent thus
"Beam not so fierce."

Yet they are beautiful now; and, as the wind whistles through their giant branches

on a winter night, to me they 'discourse most eloquent music.'

Go on, my dear Sir, with your exertions; and rest assured, that although every one will not remember the advice of the honest Scotsman to his son:

'Aye be putting in a tree, Jock; 'twill be growing when you're sleeping, mon,'

Yet enough will be done to make you feel that you have not labored in vain."

"—OHIO.

Dear Sir:—You will please to send me such seeds as you judge most congenial to the southern parts of this State, particularly the Ailanthus, with directions to plant and rear. I hope to be found on your list of subscribers, as long as you publish or I shall live."

"—NEW YORK

"You have sent your seeds to the right place. I have a handsome farm, which I wish to stock with various trees."

GOOD NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

The new Parliament was opened on the 22nd of January, by the Queen in person, who, in her speech, used the following dignified and noble language towards our country.

"I regret that the claims of Great Britain and the United States, in respect to the territory on the North-western coast of America, although they have been made the subject of repeated negotiation, still remain an unsettled point. You may be assured that no effort, consistent with national honor, shall be wanting on my part to bring this question to an early and peaceful termination."

We regard these expressions with the greatest satisfaction. Our President had forgotten the proper dignity of his office, as well as his courtesy as a gentleman, so far as to use threatening language towards England, and contemptuous, insulting expressions towards the Sovereigns of the Continent. We participated with many of our countrymen in the regret and shame which his words too justly inspired; and felt humiliated in the humiliation of our country, by the violent, inhuman and degraded language used by certain members of Congress. It is gratifying to hear such expressions used at this moment by the

Queen of England, when one single word of contempt, menace or passion, would have served as a pretence for our violent and dangerous war-partizans for keeping up the excitement, from which they may hope for some personal advantage. Happily there is no shadow of any such pretext in the speech of the Queen. Thanks to her and to her councillors, it breathes nothing but peace; and, in our opinion, our nation owes her a debt of gratitude.—We should be well pleased to see our ladies taking some means to express their obligation: for perhaps, (may we not say probably,) to her they owe the lives of many they hold dear to them. A word might have led to a war; and war, like a tavenous beast, must feed on human flesh. Fathers, brothers, husbands and sons are its victims. She, who has done and who will do all in her power to avert that threatening, that dreadful vision which we have been seeing before us, day and night, for two months—that mournful procession of widows and orphans, wailing mothers and grey-headed sires—she has acted the part of a friend to our country. A friend in need is a friend indeed; and, as such, independently of other considerations, she merits our regard.

OAKS.

(Continued from Vol. 2d. p.)

Beauty and gracefulness are characteristic of the Oak in its youth; strength and dignity in its middle life, increasing with the advance of age, sometimes even to what might be called stern and awful majesty. As an object that is exposed to the deliberate contemplation of every passer-by, and one affected by the changes of season and of weather, as well as those of light and shade, it fails not to strike the eye of childhood with its due impressions. When, in the course of an advanced education, Blair or Allison appeals to our own consciousness, for the existence within us of sensations they call beauty and sublimity, who has not recurred to the green turf, shaded by a venerable oak, and

sprinkled with its acorns, where we first experienced them?

The wood of the oak has been one of the chief aids of civilization, afforded by the vegetable kingdom. From the time when Abraham sat beneath the shadow of one on the plains of Mamre, up to the present day, it has sheltered and protected millions of the human family, from infancy to old age, with its firm and enduring branches, either in their natural connection with the trunk, or separated, and hewn and placed by art in the form of a habitation. The bark is used in vast quantities in tanning, as it contains a large portion of tannic acid, which forms an insoluble and imperishable substance with the glue in skins, and thus converts them into leather. Nut-galls, those little excrescences formed on some oaks, around the wounds made by an insect to deposit its eggs, are still more abundantly supplied with tannin, and for that reason are ground and mixed with copperas, (sulphate of iron,) to make ink-powder. The leaves and sawdust are employed in dying and sometimes in medicine. Oak makes excellent charcoal which is so peculiarly free from grittiness, that it is used by the engravers to polish copper plates.

The Romans were acquainted with the use of charring wooden posts, as is proved by the piles recently taken from the bed of the river Rhine, which were driven by Julius Cæsar, to support his bridge.

Oak wood is preferred in many countries, when it can be procured, for the timbers and floors of houses, for ships, for the handles of carpenters' tools, &c. Acorns have been much used by some nations, as food, particularly the ancient British. In Silesia, the oil is pressed from them, which is made a substitute for butter by the poor.

The European Times expresses the opinion that ere long the line of steamers between Liverpool and Boston will be made to leave the respective ports once a week during the eight summer months, and once a fortnight in winter.

POETRY.

HYMN.

By Professor W.

COMMUNICATED BY A FRIEND,

For the American Penny Magazine.

The exile longs to reach his home,
The wounded bird her nest :
So to thy presence, Lord, I come—
Thy presence makes me blest.

There never-ceasing quiet dwells,
There, peace o'erspreads the mind ;
The world has broken all her spells,
And lost her power to blind.

Pride—that destroyer of my bliss,
And self—that deadly foe,
Forsake the mount where Jesus is,
And haunt the vales below.

Ah, mighty sorcerers of the soul !
They steal our life from God :
One half we wander from the goal,
The rest inquire the road.

Sin and Repentance reign by turns,
Maintaining doubtful fight ;
And still the heart for follies burns,
And still it loves the right.

Oh ! Why are momentary joys
To erring mortals given ?
Why must we stay for earthly toys
Upon the road to heaven ?

Why stands the soul in doubt, to choose
The world, or choose its prize :
And still its onward way pursues
With half-averted eyes ?

The man whom earth allures in vain,
He, he alone, is blest :
Time cannot turn his joys to pain,
Or guilt disturb his breast.

He sends no empty thoughts abroad,
In search of vain delight :
But, through the desert walks with God,
Still keeping Heaven in sight.

Noble course of the British Ministry.—Sir Robert Peel said in Parliament, at its opening, I never entertained the slightest apprehension that any contrast between the language employed in her majesty's speech in reference to those unfortunate disputes that still prevail between this country and America, and that which has been used by the chief magistrate of the United States, would have been made in this House. I never thought that that could be mistaken or misrepresented. We have no hesitation in announcing our sincere desire for the

interests of the United States, and for the interests of the civilized world, in continuing every effort which is consistent with national honor, for the purpose of amicably terminating those disputes. (Hear.) I never had any apprehension that our intentions of our language would be misrepresented ; and the speech which the hon. gentleman, (Mr. Hume,) the uniform and consistent advocate for the strictest economy, has just made, confirms me that my anticipations will not be disappointed. (Cheers.)

And if any proposal which her Majesty's Government may feel it their duty to make for the maintenance of their essential rights, or of the national honor, shall be responded to and supported by this House, then let me not be mistaken. I think it would be the greatest misfortune, if a contest about the Oregon between two such powers as England and the United States could not, by the exercise of moderation and good sense, be brought to a perfectly honorable and most satisfactory conclusion. (Cheers.)

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Those who wish to receive the second volume, and have not paid for it, are requested to send \$1 without further delay through the Post-master, or by mail, without paying postage.

Those who wish to withdraw their names, are requested to return the last number received, with the name and address. It will be stopped forthwith.

TO ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—If each will procure one new subscriber, it will be rendering an important service to a new publication, designed for extensive and lasting benefit.

THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE

AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

With numerous Engravings.

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

Is published weekly, at the office of the New York Express, No. 112 Broadway, at 3 cents a number, (16 pages large octavo,) or, to subscribers receiving it by mail, and paying in advance, \$1 a year.

6 sets for \$5.

Back numbers can be supplied.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money.

Enclose a One Dollar Bill, without payment of postage, and the work will be sent for the year.

"The information contained in this work is worth more than silver."—*N. Y. Observer.*

"It should be in every family in the country."—*N. Y. Baptist Recorder.*

The New York Methodist Advocate speaks of it in similar terms. Also many other papers.

Editors of newspapers publishing this advertisement for 3 months, will be furnished with the work for one year.